

But all came about in good time, and the married couple sat home, where she was petted and caressed to her heart's content.

"I am only trying to spoil you," she would expostulate; "I shall never be fit for your wife's any more."

And this, among loving friends, riding, and the like, she did with great ease, reading, music and writing long letters to her husband, the summer passed swiftly.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days, and the minutes, and she could look back upon the time and find it all to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had recovered, and she was no longer old. She shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and she was alone, she was no longer old, she was young, she was beautiful, she was wrought, he again told himself that the good old doctor was right.

It was evening when they arrived, and she was sitting in the garden, and he was on the change. A handsome front had

been added to the old dwelling; and before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor bright and airy and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception.

She turned towards her husband to assure herself that he too had not changed into something or somebody else. But the merry twinkle in his eye told her that he was enjoying her surprise; and so she began to realize that the whole situation was understood his strange reluctance to mention what he was doing, and his willingness to remain, even after she had expressed her anxiety to return to her home, had meant—she thought—and he showed her into a large, commodious room, furnished for her own sleeping apartment, even to baby's cradle.

This is for you. And now lay

"Have I wounded where I wished to heal?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I expected to kiss the offered lips," I answered, "but I was told: 'No! I am a goose, but a tired wing you know. And I am so happy to be at home in such a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness.'"

"I expected to kiss the offered lips. And thus the new life began. And what a different life was—busy—busy, not burdened. Time for the wants of the mind as well as the body. Good-bye to the kitchen all this time, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The firm was an unflinching source of income, fully defraying all expenses

"'Bec'mproving, I see," said Mr. Mecker, as he reined his light carriage to the next fence.

"Yes, do, sir. Come in. I want to show you all the improvements. Here, Mr. A, the doctor wants to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy with health and happiness, he nodded to her, and his face lit up. "Yes, that will do," and they glancing at the open piano, "I am going to stay just long enough to hear one tune played. Will you favor me?" And she, with a smile, "Oh, yes, I will," and he, with a nod, "I shall be so glad to be to the instrument, and stood hat in hand while she played. "There, thank you," I have cut off my own supplies. I have more than I can use."

My luck! I never did know enough to secure my own bread and butter.

Good bye, Mrs. Streeter," And again bowing to the husband, he trotted off, humming the same old song, "My cherry voice humming to his horse, perhaps the tune he had just heard.

The following is an extract from the Thanksgiving Sermon delivered by Rev. H. C. Morrison, in Louisville :

"But to-day," continued the preacher "all localities and provincial boundaries are lost, and we come together as a representative of a brotherhood of 40,000,000 of souls, representing, a united nation, and we are sometimes to blot out these provincial lines, and come together in national and religious unity. It expands our souls and makes us better and stronger in truth, love and common mission."

"The blessings for which we come

to give thanks are of a two-fold nature, viz: temporal and spiritual." The minister here proceeded to enumerate the temporal blessings which we all enjoy. "The blessings of peace after a four years' war first, and then the twin-sister of peace, the blessings of plenty. We have plenty in the land." The prophet here said that thanks is a less calamity than a famine. The old bank of nature, over which God presides, is not suspended. It is solvent to-day as at any previous time. There is no lack of anything to us to-day our daily bread. There is too much religion, too much charity, too much bread in the land for any to perish. We have the people of this nation, the people of this world, thankful for temporal blessings, our spiritual welfare was far above our temporal affairs in its importance and the abundance of its blessings.

climber here pictured a bright and glorious future for the progress and spread of religion, and said there is no prospect of a crisis in the business of the world. He said that the year 1900 was coming up from the four winds of the earth, and all heathen nations were fast coming under the power of the gospel. Kingdoms and powers were being overthrown, and the public press of the world is lifting its voice in his behalf. All this, he said, was the outcropping of the coming universal triumph of the church. There was no doubt in his mind that the gospel was preached with more purity, power and pungency. The recent session of the Evangelical Alliance was like an assembly of a pentecostal church. The Spirit of God was extensively drawing, spreading into a broader compass and rising to higher elevation,

everything fulfilling the prophecy in Isaiah that "at the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised," and the reign of gospel peace to spread and reveal over the nations till all the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of the Lord.

An Old Ship.

The bark True Love, Captain Thomas Wythall, has just arrived from Greenland with a cargo of Kryolie. This vessel was built in the year 1764, and is, consequently, 109 years old. The sides later inward to the gunwale, and this makes it very broad at the water-line than on deck. In nautical language, the sides are known as "tumbling home," because they fall in above the bend. This bark was built

signed with any degree of certainty at what particular point. The Customhouse records do not contain the record, because the vessel was built before the outbreak of the American Revolution. It is most likely that she was built in Kensington, as it appears from history that the first ship-yard on the Delaware River was in this locality, not far from the Penn Treaty ground. The yard was built for parties residing in Hull, England, and still holds from that place, and for many years has been engaged in the whaling business in the Northern seas, and appeared to be at home among the icebergs of the Arctic region. It is understood that the vessel has had several times considerable repairs. The original timbers appear to be as sound as the day they were erected on the stocks in old Ken-

ington. She registers 23 tons, but will carry much more.—*Exchange.*